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The Matrimonial swindle! songster

London

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THE

MATRIMONIAL SWINDLE!

SONGSTER.

The Author's Edition. Published by Permission.

A Matrimonial Swindle
The Red-Cross Banner
So early in de Morning
The Whole Hog or None
The Kitchen Poker
Beautiful Young Mrs. Crop
Maid of Athens
Kate Kearney
The Sailor's Grave

I'd choose to be a baby
The dying Soldier
Molly the betrayed
O! Bob Ridley, O
Have Faith in one another
Captain with the Whiskers
Joe's second dilemma
My own, my guiding Star
The Misletoe Bough

Isabella, with her Gingham Umbrella
Grandfather Brian
The Boy in blue
The Perfect Cure
Widow Machree
The Englishman
Good-bye, sweetheart
And 53 other songs

LONDON: PUBLISHED BYJ. T. WOOD, 278, STRAND.

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POPULAR SONGS.

The Boy in Blue.

Cheer up, cheer up my mother dear,
Oh, why do you sit and weep?
Do you think that He who guards me here
Forsakes me on the deep?
Let hope and faith illume the glance,
That sees the bark set sail!
Look! look at her now and see her dance.
Oh, why do you turn so pale?
'Tis an English ship and an English crew,
So mother be proud of your boy in blue.

Oh, wonder not that next to thee,
I love the galloping wave,
'Tis the first of coursers wild and free,
And only carries the brave;
It has borne me nigh to the dark lee shore,
But we struggled heart and hand;
And a fight with the sea in its angry roar,
Shames all your strife on land.
The storm was long, but it found me true,
So mother be proud of your boy in blue.

And if the breakers kill our ship,
And your boy goes down in the foam,
Be sure the last breath on his lip,
Is a prayer for those at home.
But come, cheer up! methinks I heard,
A voice in the anchor-chain,
That whispered like a fairy bird,
"The bark will come back again."
God bless you mother; adieu! adieu!
But never weep for your boy in blue.

Little Nell.

They told him gently, she was dead,
And spoke of heaven and smiled,
Then drew him from the lonely room
Where lay the lovely child,
'Twas all in vain, he heeded not
Their pitying looks of sorrow,
"Hush, hush!" he cried, "she only sleeps,
She'll wake again to-morrow."
"Hush! hush!" &c.

They laid her in a lowly grave,
Where winds blew high and bleak,
Tho' the faintest summer breeze had been
Too rough to fan her cheek.
And there the poor old man would watch,
In strange, tho' childish, sorrow,
And whisper to himself the words,
"She'll come again to-morrow."
"And whisper," &c.

One day they miss'd him long and sought
Where most he lov'd to stray,
They found him dead upon the turf,
Where little Nell lay.
With tottering steps he'd wandered there,
Fresh hope and strength to borrow,
And e'en in dying breathed this prayer,
"Oh! let her come to-morrow!"
The old man, dying, breathed the prayer
"Oh! let her come to-morrow."

Minnie Moore.

In last night's dream I saw again
Sweet faces I adore,
'Mid others was an old schoolmate—
Dear, gentle Minnie Moore.
And glided o'er my dreaming mind
Not only those I know,
But mem'ries of so many scenes,
All linked with Minnie too;
A thousand thoughts of childhood's days,
Of innocence and glee,
For I was all the world to her,
And she the world to me.

How oft, when on our way to school,
We'd stray beside the brooks!
And gath'ring wild flowers by their side,
We'd quite forget our books,
And trifle half our day away,
In some old mossy dell;
And going home at night, I'd coax
Dear Minnie not to tell,
Such mem'ries are by far more dear
Than wealth of classic lore,
Unfolding thoughts of sunny hours,
Of youth and Minnie Moore.

The Red-Cross Banner.

RECITATIVE.

England! if still the patriot fires
That warm'd the bosoms of their sires
Dwell with thy sons what heart can fail,
Long as there floats upon the gale
Thy Red Cross Banner proudly free,
Still to throb high for Liberty.

AIR.

When first on Albion's sea-girt shore,
Her foot fair Freedom press'd,
Its hills and vales she wandered o'er,
And thus the soil she bless'd.
"Land of the fair, the free, and the brave,
Rule thou the rolling sea;
There let thy Red Cross Banner wave
The foremost of the free."

Forth flew the word, from pole to pole,
And conquer'd worlds can tell,
As yet—where'er the billows roll—
We've kept our Charter well.
There's not a shore that ocean laves
But Freedom there may see,
That England's Red Cross Banner waves
The foremost of the free.

And while one single shred will fly,
Lit by its glories past,
England must lift that banner high,
Must nail it to the mast!
For England's sun will set in shame,
And dark her doom will be,
If e'er her vaunting foes shall claim
The empire of the sea!

Oh! had I but Aladdin's Lamp.

Oh! had I but Aladdin's lamp,
If only for a day,
I'd try to find a link to bind
The joys that pass away,
I'd try to bring an angel's wing
Upon this earth again,
And build true worth a home on earth
A home below'd by men,
It should be May, and always May;
I'd wreathe the world with flowers,
I'd robe the barren wilderness,
And bring life happy hours.

I'd soothe the lorn and desolate;
Increase the widow's store;
And industry should wear a smile
It never wore before.
Where'er there dwelt unhappiness,
I'd use my magic sway;
And none should be in poverty,
Or dread the coming day.
It should be May, &c.

My pretty Jane.

My pretty Jane, my dearest Jane
Ah! never look so shy,
But meet me, meet me in the evening,
When the bloom is on the rye.
The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming love,
The moon shines bright and clear,
Then pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
Ah! never look so shy,
But meet me, meet me in the evening,
When the bloom is on the rye,

But name the day, the wedding day,
And I will buy the ring,
The lads and maids in favours white,
And the village bells shall ring.
The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming love,
The moon shines bright and clear
Then pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
Ah! never look so shy,
But meet me, meet me in the evening
When the bloom is on the rye.

Good bye, Sweetheart!

The bright stars fade, the moon is breaking,
The dew-drops pearl each bud and leaf,
And I from thee my leave am taking,
With bliss too brief, with bliss too brief,
How sinks my heart with fond alarms,
The tear is biding in mine eye,
For time doth thrust me from thine arms,
Good bye sweetheart, good bye!

The sun is up, the lark is soaring,
Loud swells the song of chanticleer,
The lev'ret bounds o'er earth's soft flooring,
Yet I am here, yet I am here;
For since night's gems from heaven did fade,
And morn to floral lips doth hie,
I could not leave thee, though I said,
Good bye sweetheart, good bye.

John Brown.

I've a guinea I can spend,
I've a wife, and I've a friend,
And a troop of little children at my knee, John Brown.
I've a cottage of my own,
With the ivy overgrown,
And a garden with a view of the sea, John Brown.
I can sit at my own door,
By the shady sycamore,
Large of heart, though of very small estate, John Brown.
So come and drain a glass,
In my harbour as you pass,
And I'll tell you what I love and what I hate, John Brown.

I love the song of birds,
And the children's early words,
And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John Brown.
And I hate a false pretence,
And the want of common sense,
And the arrogance, and fawning, and deceit, John Brown.
I love the meadow flow'rs,
And the briar in the bow'rs,
And I love an open face without guile, John Brown.
And I hate a selfish knave,
And a proud contemptuous slave,
And a lout who'd rather borrow than he'd toil, John Brown.

I love a simple song,
That awakes emotion strong,
And the word of hope that raises him who faints, John Brown.
And I hate the constant whine,
Of the foolish who repine,
And turn their good to evil by complaints, John Brown.
But even when I hate,
If I seek my garden gate,
And survey the world around me and above, John Brown.
The hatred flies my mind,
And I sigh for human kind,
And excuse the faults of those I cannot love, John Brown.

So if you like my ways,
And the comfort of my days,
I can tell you how I live so unvexed, John Brown.
I never scorn my health,
Nor sell my soul for wealth,
Nor destroy one day the pleasures of the next, John Brown.
I've parted with my pride,
And I take the sunny side,
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad, John Brown.
I keep my conscience clear,
I've a hundred pounds a year,
And I manage to exist and to be glad, John Brown.

I'd choose to be a Daisy.

Music published in the "Musical Bouquet."

I'd choose to be a daisy,
If I might be a flower,
My petals closing softly
At twilight's silent hour;
And waking in the morning,
When fails the early dew,
To welcome Heav'n's bright sunshine,
And Heav'n's bright tear-drop, too.
I'd choose to be a daisy,
If I might be a flower,
My petals closing softly,
At twilight's silent hour.

I love the gentle lily,
It looks so meek and fair,
But daisies I love better,
For they grow everywhere;
And lilies bloom so sadly,
In sunshine or in shower;
But daisies they look upward,
However dark the hour.
I'd choose to be a daisy, &c.

Thou art gone from my Gaze.

Thou art gone from my gaze, like a beautiful dream,
And I seek thee in vain by meadow and stream;
Oft I breathe thy dear name to the winds floating by,
But thy sweet voice is mute to my bosom's lone sigh.
In the stillness of night, when the stars mildly shine,
My heart fondly holds a communion with thine;
For I feel thou art near, and where'er I may be,
That thy spirit of love keeps a watch over me.

Of the birds in thy bow'r, now companions I make,
Ev'ry simple wild-flower do I prize for thy sake;
The deep woods and dark wilds now a pleasure impart,
For their solitude suits my sad sorrow-worn heart.
Thou art gone from my gaze, but I will not repine,
Ere long we shall meet in the home that's now thine,
For I feel thou art near, and where'er I may be,
That thy spirit of love keeps a watch over me.

The Soldier's Tear.

Upon the hill he turned,
To take a last fond look
Of the valley and the village church,
And the cottage by the brook.
He listen'd to the sounds
So familiar to his ear;
And the soldier leant upon his sword,
And wiped away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch,
A girl was on her knees,
She held aloft a snowwhite scarf,
Which fluttered in the breeze.
She breath'd a prayer for him,
A prayer he could not hear,
But he paused to bless her as she knelt,
And wiped away a tear.

He turned and left the spot—
Ah! do not deem him weak.
For dauntless was the soldier's heart.
Tho' tears were on his cheek,
Go watch the foremost ranks
In danger's dark career,
Be sure the hand most daring there,
Has wiped away a tear.

Come, Music.

Come, music, with thy softest tone,
And breathe the feelings of my heart;
A wond'rous spell thy murmurs own,
Which words can ne'er impart.
Ye zephyrs, that around me play,
And sportive mock each mournful sigh,
Oh! kindly waft the sounds away,
And with them to my loved one hie.

The pilgrim seeks the sacred shrine,
O'er burning sands to bend the knee;
But, oh! one joyous smile of thine
Is far more dear to me.
At morn I seek the silent grove,
And mark each graceful budding flow'r;
For the scene doth to my heart e'er prove
A shrine obedient to thy pow'r.

Sweet Jenny of the Moor.

One morn, for recreation, as I strayed by the sea-side,
The sun was gently rising, bedeck'd in all his pride,
I beheld a lovely maiden sitting at a cottage door,
With roses blooming on her cheeks, sweet Jenny of the moor.

I stood in contemplation as I view'd each charming scene,
And fill'd with admiration as if in some fairy dream;
Enchanted by this fair one, as she walk'd along the shore,
Gathering of choice sea-weeds was sweet Jenny of the moor.

I said, "My pretty fair one, why so early do you rise?"
"I love to breathe the morning air when the lark soars in the skies,
This spot is sweet to wander by, tho' the breakers often roar,
And wakes the bosom of the deep," says sweet Jenny of the moor.

We both sat down together, by a pleasant shady side,
I said, "My dear, with your consent, I'll make you my bride,
I've plenty at my own command, brought from a foreign shore,
And proud's the man that wins the hand of sweet Jenny of the moor."

"I have a true-love of my own, tho' long he's been from me,
And true I'll be to him while he is on the sea:
His vows were fondly spoken when we parted at the door,
I will wait 'till his return," said sweet Jenny of the moor.

"Oh, if your love's a sailor, pray tell me now his name,"
"His name is Dennis Ryan, from Newry town he came,
With laurels I'll entwine him when he returns on shore,
We'll join our hands in wedlock's bands," said sweet Jenny of the moor.

"If Dennis was your own true-love, I knew him very well,
Whilst fighting at the Alma, by an angry ball he fell,
Behold this true-love token, which upon his hand he wore,"
She fell and fainted in my arms, sweet Jenny of the moor.

"Since you have proved so kind and true, look up my girl," I cried,
"Behold, it is your Dennis, now standing by your side;
Let us be united, and live happy on this shore,
The bells shall ring merrily, I'll go to sea no more."

All's for the best.

All's for the best! be sanguine and cheerful;
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise:
Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful;
Courage, for ever, is happy and wise.

All's for the best! if a man would but know it.
Providence wishes that all may be blest.
This is no dream of the pundit or poet,
Fact is not fancy, and All's for the best.

"All's for the best!" set this on your standard,
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of despair may have wander'd,
A wearied swallow or heart-stricken dove.

All's for the best! dispel idle terrors,
Meet all your fears and your woes in the van,
And, in the midst of your dangers or errors,
Trust like a child, and strive like a man.

All's for the best! unfailing, unbounded.
Providence deigns that all may be blest.
And both by wisdom and mercy surrounded,
Hope and be happy, for "All's for the best."

We'll drink to the Beauty.

From the Opera of "La Traviata."

AIR—ALFRED.

We'll drink to the beauty that's beaming around.
Where Nature's own flowers are blooming;
Where none but the voices of happiness sound,
And our pathway the love light illumes.
We'll drink too, to the rosy God,
The God of love and beauty,
For all who are his votaries
Must tender him their duty.
We'll drink while there's love in the cup which we quaff,
Since 'tis love o'er the world reigns supreme.

CHORUS.

We'll drink to friendship firm and true,
While love the cup shall crown.

VIOLETTA.

Come, bask in the pleasure that falls to our share,
For Time on the wing's ever flying,
And flowers of love are exotics so rare.
Their odour's scarce shed ere 'tis flown.
Be gay, for youth must soon depart,
And even love will vanish,
The brightest scenes, alas! will fade,
And sweetest pleasures pall.
Be gay, then, while youth still untrammell'd by care
Shall invite us to joy and to love.

Ah! let us join in the toast,
In the song and the revelling,
Passing the night in mirthful pleasure,
While love shall teach us how to treasure
This paradise on earth.

POPULAR SONGS.

Aunt Sally.

Oh call me old Aunt Sally,
Perhaps you've heard the name,
I visit here to night
To tell you of the game.
To please you I'll endeavour,
In the very best way I can;
And show you how I was treated
By a very fast young man.
Kind friends rally
Around me all you can,
And pity poor Aunt Sally,
Who has lost her fast young man.

It was at famed Epsom races,
Upon the Derby-day,
Where I met this nice young man,
Who looked both spruce and gay.
He said to me with a grin,
While he played three sticks a penny—
"Would you like to have a spin
At my old Aunt Sally?"
Kind friends, &c.

I tried with every stick
To knock Sally on the nose,
Forgetting, quite, how quick
Both time and money goes.
I must have played for hours;
The man alongside kept tally;
And said "I've more sticks left,
To shy at old Aunt Sally."
Kind friends, &c.

"I'll trouble you for two pounds,"
Said the man to my surprise;
"For your young man's 'levanted!'"
I opened both my eyes.
Having the money to pay,
I didn't stand shilly-shally,
But the boys called after me—
"How do you like Aunt Sally?"
Kind friends, &c.

On the Sands!

WRITTEN BY J. CAULFIELD.

Published in Nos. 1203-4 of the "Musical Treasury".

The weather was hot and the trade was slow,
So to Margate I resolved to go,
On the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands.
In a light tweed suit, that fitted me well,
I went for a week, a first-rate swell,
On the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands.
To dine on board the steamer—oh! hi, oh!
On hot heil'd meat that nothing can beat—
If the wind don't blow, what a lot you can eat.
Hi, oh my! what a lovely place is Margate!
Hi, oh my! what a lovely place is Margate!

Now, at Margate it is quite amazing,
To see the pretty little dears there bathing,
On the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands.
Some in blue bed-gowns, short and tall,
In calico some—some in nothing at all,
On the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands.
To a machine soon in I went—oh! hi, oh!
But so far swam out, I returned in doubt,
And the wrong box I went into.
Hi, oh my! what a dang'rous place is Margate.

The bathing man saw me get in,
So to whip the horse he did begin,
On the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands.
When I look'd round on all the pegs,
I could find no trousers to cover my legs,
On the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands.
I began to think of bolting—oh! hi, ho!
But I couldn't be seen, and the bathing-machine
Towards the shore kept jolting.
Hi, oh my! a fearful place is Margate!

Of small, neat boots there was a pair,
And mysterious things that ladies wear,
On the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands.
From the canvas I pok'd out my head,
To a boy, who was driving a donkey, I said,
On the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands.
"Number ten, pray run and find it."—oh! hi, ho!
Says he, "Oh, crikey! you have been
And got into the wrong machine!"
Hi, oh my! an awful place is Margate!

But this was not the worst, I vew—
Some distance off, I heard a row,
On the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands.
A lady on shore there could not get,
Like a mermaid she stood dripping wet,
On the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands.
So in my desperation—oh! hi, ho!
Into a round thing called a crinoline
I got, without hesitation.
Hi, oh my! a fatal place is Margate!

I soon found out there was something wrong,
For a stout old lady came running along,
On the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands.
When my strange costume she did see,
With her parasol she made at me,
On the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands.
Says she, "You nasty wretch, you —oh! hi, ho!
Thus to expose my niece's clothes,
But the police they soon shall catch you!"
Hi, oh my! a dreadful place is Margate!

As I ran, the boys began to cry,
"Holla, boys! here's another guy!"
On the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands.
After me they flew and caper'd round,
Until the right machine I found,
On the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands.
I plunged beneath the awning—oh! hi, ho!
And stood lots of beer ere I got clear,
So of my mistake take warning.
Hi, oh my! a terrible pl ce is Margate!

With the old dame soon I made my peace,
And restored the crinoline to her niece.
On the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands.
Though strange it is what I relate,
We soon became quite intimate.
On the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands.
On donkeys off we started—oh! hi, ho!
And to Pegwell Bay to go next day,
We arranged before we parted.
Hi, oh my! a refreshing place is Margate!

Now Pegwell Bay is a sweet pretty place,
And to it my happiness I can trace,
On the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands.
The shrimps you pull in half by the tails,
And eat bread and butter, and things like snails,
On the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands, on the Sands
The price, though, rather large is —oh! hi, ho!
But when the theme is Love's young dream,
You don't care what the charge is.
Hi, oh my! a delightful place is Margate!

Beautiful Young Mrs. Crop

Young Christopher Crop was a farmer,
When he took it into his head
To fall deep in love with a charmer,
Who was all he could wish for, he said,
For dumplings she made to perfection, ee
Mock turtle and prime ginger pop,
And would make, as said all his connection,
A beautiful young Mrs. Crop.
Oh! most beautiful, &c.

She understood singing and sowing,
And pianofortes and ploughs,
And Berlin wool-work and beer brewing,
And music and milking the cows.
She could play the guitar and cure bacon,
In phrenology she was tip-top,
So there was no doubt of her making
A beautiful young Mrs. Crop.
Oh! most beautiful, &c.

For stoves she could cut out such papers,
As really astonished the Crops;
She danced, and made pickles and capers,
And understood growing of hops.
So, Christopher's father and mother
Both urged him the question to pop,
Which he did, and without any bother,
She agreed to become Mrs. Crop.
Oh! most beautiful, &c.

Her wedding-dress was her own making,
'Twas figured lace, seven yards wide;
And proudly his shoes began creaking,
As he walk'd in the church with his bride.
And, as most lasses do in such cases,
She blush'd and was ready to drop;
Yet the blushing but added fresh graces,
To beautiful young Mrs. Crop.
Oh! most beautiful, &c.

They were married almost without knowing,
To her it appeared like a dream;
And 'twas not till from church she was going,
She found she had altered her name.
When the bells of the village gan ringing,
As if they never intended to stop;
And they sounded as if they were singing:
Oh! beautiful young Mrs. Crop.
Oh! most beautiful, &c.

She proved a good wife, for her learning
To him is a fortune, because
She knows the improvements in farming
As well as the waltzes of Strauss.
And his spouse and his farm loving dearly,
He's growing as proud as a fop,
And praising both, he says, yearly,
He's blest with a beautiful Crop.
Oh! a most beautiful, &c.

Grandfather Brian.

Grandfather Brian departed this life,
It was on Saint Patrick's day,
He started off to the next world,
Without ever asking the way.
Leaving me all his riches,
With a great deal of wealth, d'ye see,
With a pair of cloth leather breeches,
That buttoned up down to the knee.
Hurrah for my Grandfather Brian!
I wish he was living, och sure!
And every day he'd be dying,
To be leaving me ten times as much more.

He left me the whole two sides of bacon,
Only one half was just cut away;
With a broomstick with the head of a rake on
And a field full of straw to make hay.
He left me some props and some patches,
With a beautiful new smock frock;
Six beautiful hens to lay duck's eggs,
Only one turned out to be a cock.
Hurrah, &c.

He left me a well full of water,
Only some said it was dry;
Three pitfulls of sand, lime, and mortar,
And a squinting tom cat with one eye.
He left me an old dog and kitten,
His lapstone, knife, and bradawl;
With a lump of Dutch cheese that was bitten.
And a box full of nothing at all.
Hurrah, &c.

He left me a glass that was broken,
With a pair of new boots without soles;
And faith if the truth must be spoken,
A kettle with fifty-five holes.
A knife board made out of leather,
A treacle-pot half full of glue;
A down bed without ever a feather,
And a fine coat nigh handy in two.
Hurrah, &c.

He left me a mighty fine clock, too,
Full of brass wheels made out of wood;
A key without ever a lock, too,
A stool to sit down where I stood.
A blanket made out of cloth patches,
A bread basket made out of tin ware,
A window without any sashes,
And a horse collar made for a mare.
Hurrah, &c.

He left me a starling, a beauty,
But it turned out to be a thrush;
He bid me in life do my duty
And never comb my hair with a brush.
He left me six pound, all in copper;
With a splendid straight rule, double bent;
And a beautiful 'bacca stopper,
With a view of Blackwater, in Kent.
Hurrah, &c.

He left me some whisky for drinking,
And a beautiful stick look at that;
And also a fine bull for milking,
And a second-hand silk beaver hat.
He left me a shirt all in tatters,
Amongst other things, I must state;
And a rare stock of old broken platters,
And in fact all the family plate.
Hurrah, &c.

He left me the bog for a garden,
One night it got cover'd with the flood,
And when I went out in the morning,
I went up to my eyes in the mud.
He left me a fine mare for breeding,
Its age was over three score;
And when I come here next evening,
I will tell ten times as much more.
Hurrah, &c.

The Piper.

In the year '98, when our troubles were great,
And it was treason to be a Milesian,
That black-whisker'd set we will never forget,
Tho' history tells us they were Hessians.
In this troublesome time, oh! 'twas a great crime,
And murder never was riper,
At the side of Glenshee, not an acre from me,
There lived one Denny Byrne, a piper.

Neither wedding or wake would be worth a shake,
Where Denny was not first invited,
At squeezing the bags and emptying the kegs,
He astonished as well as delighted.
In these times poor Denny could not earn one penny,
Martial law had him stung like a viper,
They kept him within till the bones and the skin
Were grinning through the rags of the piper.

One evening in June, as he was going home,
After the fair of Rathnagan,
What should he see from the branch of a tree,
But the corpse of a Hessian there hanging.
Says Denny, "Those rogues have boots,
I've brogues."
On the boots then he laid such a griper,
He pulled with such might, and the boots were so tight,
That legs and boots came away with the piper.

Then Denny did run, for fear of being hung,
Till he came to Tim Kennedy's cabin,
Says Tim, from within, "I can't let you in,
You'll be shot if you're caught there a rapping."
He went to the shed, where the cow was in bed,
With a wisp he began for to wipe her,
They lay down together, on a seven foot feather,
And the cow fell a hugging the piper.

Then Denny did yawn, as the day it did dawn,
As he streel'd off the boots of the Hessian,
The legs, by the law, he left them on the straw,
And he gave them leg-bail for his mission.
When the breakfast was done, Tim sent out his son,
To make Denny jump up like a lamplighter,
When the legs there he saw, he roared like a jackdaw,
"Oh, daddy, the cow's eat the piper!"

"Musha bad luck on the beast—she'd a musical taste,
For to eat such a beautiful chanter;
Arrah! Patrick avic, take a lump of a stick,
Drive her off to Glenhealy—we'll cant her."
Mrs. Kennedy bawl'd, the neighbours were call'd,
They began for to humbug and gibe her,
To the churchyard Tim walked, with the legs in a box,
And the cow will be hung for the piper.

The cow she was drove a mile or two off,
To the fair at the side of Glenhealy,
And there she was sold for four guineas in gold,
To the clerk of the parish, Tim Daley.
They went to a tent, the lucky penny was spent,
The clerk being a jolly old swiper,
Who d'ye think was there, playing the "Rakes of Kildare,"
But poor Denny Byrne, the piper.

Then Tim gave a bolt, like a half-drunken colt,
At the piper he gazed like a gommook,
He said, "By the powers! I thought, these eight hours,
You were playing in Drinan Dhu's stomach."
Then Denny observed, how the Hessian was served,
And they all wished nicks secure to the griper,
For grandeur they met, their whistles they wet,
And like devils they danced round the piper.

The Kitchen Poker.

Swate Widow Fag, one winter's night,
Invited a tea party,
Of elegant gentility,
And made the boys quite hearty.
But just as they were breaking up,
She miss'd her kitchen poker,
And delicately hinted that
The thief was Paddy Croaker.
He'd stole her little poker,
Her purty kitchen poker;
She delicately hinted that
He'd stole her little poker.

Now Pat he was a grenadier,
In what is call'd the grey light horse,
And a cleaner, stouter, tighter boy,
Upon my soul there never was.
He cried out, "Blood and thunder,
Do you take me for a joker,
Do you think I'd come into your house
And stale your durty poker?
Your nasty kitchen poker."
Do you think, &c.

Then Pat swore by the Hill o' Howth,
And by the Holy Fathers, too;
By all the ghosts in yon churchyard,
If they were gather'd in a crew.
Says he unto the widow,
"Do you take me for a joker,
Do you think I'd come to your fireside
And stale your durty poker?
Your nasty, clarty poker;
Do you think an Irish jintleman
Would stale your durty poker?'
But all that he could say or do,
Had no effect upon her;
At length says she, "Now, Pat, will you
Declare upon your honour!"
Arrah! Paddy stared and started back,
His hand behind his cloaker,
"Touch my honour, touch my life,
There's your durty poker!
Your nasty, filthy poker."
Touch my honour, &c.

Och! have you not heard of Ted's Carney.

Och, have you not heard of Ted's carney,
He came from the lakes of Killarney,
He's so trim and so nate,
But de tundering chate,
Och, he kilt all the girls wid his blarney.

CHORUS.

He's so trim and so nate,
But de tundering chate,
He's kilt all the girls wid his blarney.

He'll give you such a look in a minute,
Such an eye, sure the devil is in it,
Let him go where he will,
With his kindness he'll kill
All the girls wid the tip of his blarney.
He's so trim, &c.

Kit the Cobbler.

Kit, the cobbler, has built him a stall,
By the side of the Burley Mow,
And he leaves his shoes, to run after the news,
It's the way of the trade, I trow.
There he'll sit in the tap, with his jug in his lap,
And he gives as his reason why,
That he's forc'd to get to a tap that's wet,
When the tap of his own gets dry.
And tap, tap, on the stone in his lap,
For an hour or so in cold weather,
You may catch him at work, nose and knees like a Turk,
Singing "Oh! there's nothing like leather!" Singing Oh, &c.

The clerk and he they never agree,
For Kit at the parson mocks,
And the cause of his wrath, is that one of the cloth
Once put Master Kit in the stocks.
For Tory or Wig he don't care a fig,
The one is as bad as the other,
A ten-pound note he *will* have for his vote—
He wouldn't take less from his brother.
"So rap, rap, down with it slap,
A man should stick to his tether,
If I was rich, Oh, I'd not do a stitch,
But sing, 'Oh, there's nothing like leather'." But sing Oh, &c.

Kit has a wife, as keen as his knife,
And as sharp as a bristle, too,
And the folks do say, she will have her way,
As wives now and then will do.
At night she'll wait, at the little front gate,
Till she hears him lift the latch,
Then out she'll fly, and Kit slips by,
For he knows what he's like to catch.
But whack! whack! down it comes on his back,
And that not as light as a feather,
For he rubs and swears, as he tumbles up stairs,
"Confound it, there's nothing like leather!" Confound it, &c.

Give me a cot in the valley I love.

Give me a cot in the valley I love,
A tent in the greenwood, a home in the grove,
I care not how humble, for happy 'twill be,
If one faithful heart will but share it with me.
Our haunts shall be nature's own beautiful bowers,
Our gems shall be nature's own beautiful flowers;
There, woo'd by the sunshine, and kiss'd by the gale,
The proudest might envy our home in the vale.
Oh! give me a cot, &c.

Lov'st thou to listen to music's sweet voice?
Oh! come to the woods where the song-birds rejoice!
Or, would'st thou be free? to the forest repair,
The stag in his freedom bounds merrily there.
When summer is gone, and the winter's chill hours,
Have rifled the greenwoods and blighted the flowers,
Tho' ice-bound the brook, and snow-covered the dale,
The proudest might sigh for our home in the vale.
Then give me, &c.

Oh! wilt thou be my bride, Kathleen?

Oh! wilt thou be my bride, Kathleen?
Though lonely I may be!
My only wealth is this poor heart,
Which beats alone for thee.
The gems that others bring, Kathleen,
Upon thy brow to shine;
Oh! do they speak of love and truth,
Like this poor gift of mine?
Oh! wilt thou, &c.

I've not rich robes for thee, Kathleen;
Thy beauty needs no dress;
The pride of queenly splendour fades
Before thy loveliness.
I have no banquet-hall, Kathleen,
To grace thy bridal-day;
But I've a heart where thou wilt live
Till life hath passed away.
Then wilt thou, &c,

Afloat on the Ocean.

Afloat on the ocean my days gaily fly;
No monarch on earth is more happy than I;
Like a bright, brilliant star my trim bark seems to me,
As, sparkling in glory, she skims o'er the sea.
The wave is my kingdom, all bend to my will,
And fate seems ambitious my hopes to fulfil. Tra la la la, la, &c.

The sea was my birth-place, the morn was all bright,
When from a proud galley I first saw the light;
The land I first trod was the home of the vine,
Hence, born on the sea, I doat on good wine;
While I sail o'er the one, if the other be there,
A fig for dame Fortune; I'll laugh away care. Tra la la la la, &c.

Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, it's no wonder you frown,
Och hone! Widow Machree;
Faith! it ruins your looks, that dirty black gown,
Och hone! Widow Machree.
How altered your air,
With that close cap you wear—
'Tis destroying your hair,
Which should be flowing free;
Be no longer a churl
Of its black silken curl,
Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, now the summer is come,
Och hone! Widow Machree;
When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum?
Och hone! Widow Machree.
See the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and hares—
Why even the bears
Now in couples agree;
And the mute little fish,
Though they can't spake, they wish.
Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, and when winter comes in,
Och hone! Widow Machree;
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
Och hone! Widow Machree.
Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
While the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee;
Yet alone with your cup,
Like a hermit you sup,
Och hone! Widow Machree.

Have faith in one another.

Have faith in one another,
When ye meet in friendship's name.
For a true friend is a brother,
And his heart should throb the same;
Though your paths in life may differ,
Since the hour when first ye met,
Have faith in one another,
Ye may need that friendship yet.

Have faith in one another,
When ye whisper love's fond vow,
It will not be always summer,
Nor always bright as now:
And when winter time comes o'er ye,
If some kindred heart ye share,
And have faith in one another,
Ye shall never more despair.

Have faith in one another,
For should doubt alone incline,
It would make this world a desert,
Where the sun would never shine;
We may have some transient sorrow,
That o'ershadows us to-day,
But have faith in one another,
And it soon shall pass away.

Have faith in one another,
And let honour be your guide,
Let the truth alone be spoken,
Whatever may betide:
The false may reign a season,
And oh, doubt not but it will,
But have faith in one another,
And the truth shall triumph still.

The Minstrel Boy.

The Minstrel Boy to the war has gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of Song!" said the warrior bard
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The Minstrel fell—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."

Love not.

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay!
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flow'rs—
Things that are made to fade and fall away,
When they have blossom'd but a few short hours.
Love not, love not.

Love not, love not! the thing you love may die—
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beam on its grave as once upon its birth.
Love not, love not.

Love not, love not! the thing you love may change,
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you;
The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet no be true.
Love not, love not.

Love not, love not! oh, warning vainly said,
In present days, as in years gone by;
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head:
Faultless, immortal—till they change or die.
Love not, love not.

The Matrimonial Swindle.

SUNG BY MR. W. RANDALL.
WRITTEN BY W. H. COVE.
Music published by Duff and Hodgson, 20, Oxford Street.

I've been dreadfully treated,
Most shamefully cheated,
By one whom I thought would be
mine for life.
Lend your auriculars,
Hear the particulars,
How I was swindled of money and
wife!

You must know I was single,
When thinking I'd mingle
My own life with that of some pretty
young miss;
I'd just got a thousand pounds
And a nice house and grounds
All to conduce to connubial bliss,

I ponder'd without delay,
Just to find out away,
How I could just get a wife to my
mind,
When I fell quite promiscuous,
Across a conspicuous
Advertisment of a peculiar kind;
"Matrimony" ('twas headed)
"A lady, unwedded,
Seeks for a Husband, whose virtue
abounds.
But his means must be such as hers
That is—as much as hers.
Namely, a fortune of one thousand
pounds.

You can't think how delighted
I felt, as I plighted
My troth to this "ladye fayre" in a
neat note.
She sent me her Photograph,
With her dear autograph,
And made an appointment—how lov-
ing she wrote—
I accordingly met her,
As nam'd in her letter,
She lean'd on the arm of a tall dark
young man,
Whom she said was her brother,
A Captain Austruther,
And thus our platonic attachment
begun.

I fear you'd grow tired,
If I were required
To state how the courtship progress'd
from this time,
Suffice it to say, that we
Made up our minds to be
Married without delay, was'nt it prime?
Her brother, the Captain
Declar'd he was warpt in
Delight at the prospect—his joy knew
no bounds,
And he one day exposed to me,
What he disclosed to be
Bonds of his sister's for one thousand
pounds.

Quite carelessly then he said,
"On the day when ye wed
I've to make a request,—quite on
brotherly grounds,
It is, that you give your wife,
For her use all her life,
A settlement down of—say—one thou-
sand pounds."
I at first felt inclined to say
Flat, "I declin'd to pay
Any such sum—'twas exceeding all
bounds,"
But he used such persuasion
That I gave up evasion
And agreed that I'd give my wife, one
thousand pounds.

In a week I was married,
My wife home had carried,
When the Captain requested I'd hand
to my spouse,
The sum I'd agreed to pay
Down on our wedding day.
I did so—I always am true to my vows,

The brother smiles slightly,
The bride she laughs lightly,
As she picks up my cash and each
sovereign sounds;
And I really am vex'd to say
'Twas quite in extacy
I gave up the money—my one thou-
sand pounds.

I suppose 'twas the hurry
The turmoil and flurry,
That made me so anxious that night
for my couch,
Suffice it, I sought my bride,
Whom I miss'd from my side,
Where a moment before she was
standing I vouch;
But lo! I was in the lurch,
Vain was my rigid search
High and low, in and out, both house
and grounds,
But alas! hope was banish'd off,
Too clear she'd vanish'd off.
Flitting away with my one thousand
pounds.

My anger was kindled.
I found I was swindled,
And deep was the vengeance I vow'd
I would wreak,
But I never, upon my life,
Once again saw my wife,
She flew to America that very week;
And as for her brother,
He of course was no other
Than her lover—i'faith but they made
a nice pair;
So I still single tarry.
Because I can't marry,
As I've one wife already, tho' goodness
knows where.

My wife having mizzled
'Twas plain I was chzizled,
And yet the base swindle a moral im-
plies,
For tho' single I tarry
(Of course I can't marry),
I've found that "Experience makes a
fool wise."
So don't marry at random,
But *nil desperandum*
If a man only tries, a good wife is
soon found.
Yet don't on your wedding day
Say you'll agree to pay
Down—as a settlement—one thousand
pounds.

Isabella! with her Gingham Umbrella.

When you've listen'd to my ditty,
My woes you will pity—
I'm a clerk in the City,
Engaged from ten till three;
But with love my heart is laden,
For a very charming maiden,
That one day by accident I happen'd
to see:
Her eyes were as black as the pips of a
pear,
Her cheeks they were rosy—in ringlets
hung her hair;
And her name was Isabella, with a Ging-
ham Umbrella,
And her Father keeps a Barber's shop at
Islington. And her name, &c.

Thinking I would woo her,
I politely walk'd up to her,
And began a conversation
So gallant and so free,
When soon I did discover—
As we steam'd up the river—
She was Bo'son to a bonnet shop in
Battersea.
I ask'd her her residence, I asked her her
name,
When she said that with pleasure she
would tell me the same,
And putting up her Umbrella, said, "My
name is Isabella,
And my father keeps a Barber's shop at
Islington." And her name, &c.

After chatting, for the present
We parted very pleasant,
I beg'd that very shortly
I might meet with her again;
She said, "Oh! sir, with pleasure,"
Then she pack'd up all her treasure,
Which she put beneath her cloak, just
to keep it from the rain.
She'd a very large nosegay, 'twas a bundle
of stocks,
A blue paper parcel, and a large bonnet
box,
With a Gingham Umbrella, had my
charming Isabella,
Who's Father keeps a Barber's shop at
Islington.
And her name, &c.

I took her down to Sydenham
And paid for her admission,
I took her down to Gravesend,
Escorted her to Kew,
I treated her to Madame
Tussaud's exhibition,
And eight hours at the sea-side at
Brighton too;
At length we were engaged in a regular
way,
And my hours pass'd as happy as the
flowers in May,
When I thought of Isabella and her
Gingham Umbrella,
And her Father's little Barber's shop at
Islington.
And her name, &c.

But you'll find in the sequel
My woes have not an equal,
For, oh! most deceitful
She proved at length to me.
I went to her Father's—
My Isabel to meet her,
But alas! no Isabella
I there could see;
When just by the Angel I chanced to
drop—
Somehow or other—in a Sixpenny hop,
And there was Isabella, with a ginger
whisker'd feller,
She was doing double shuffle up at
Islington.
And her name, &c.

By the horrid sight attracted,
I felt so destracted,
I know not how I acted—
In terms rather strong,
When I heard the people shout,
The fellow's drunk, turn him out!
As if it had been me
And not them in the wrong.
When I rush'd at my rival, satisfaction
to gain,
But in this, my endeavours I found were
quite in vain,
For up rush'd Isabella, and with her
Gingham Umbrella
Spoil'd my new Six and Nine up at
Islington.
And her name, &c.

Quite madden'd with the doings
Of this wicked young spinster,
I resolved that I would end
Both my love and my woes,
So I rush'd right away
Towards the bridge of Westminster,
Determined in the river Thames
To end my woes.
But I quickly changed my mind, for to
myself I thought
There's as good fish in the sea as ever
was caught;
Then a fig for Isabella and her Gingham
Umbrella,
And her Father's little Barber's sho
Islington.
And her name,

I'd choose to be a baby.

SUNG BY E. W. MACKNEY.

I'd choose to be a baby,
A pretty little flower,
A plaything for the ladies—
No care in childhood's hour.
The ladies they would pet me,
And Pat me on the brow,
And say I was a beauty,
Why don't they do it now.
I'd choose to be a baby,
A retty little flower,
A plaything for the ladies—
No care in childhood's hour.

The girls would kiss and hug me,
Saying, "That's a dear, don't cry,"
And fondly lull me fast asleep,
And sing, "Sweet lullaby."
How they did press and cuddle me,
Till I felt anyhow,
Undress, and put me off to bed;
I wish they'd do it now.
I'd choose to be, &c.

How they did love to get me,
And take me on their lap,
Then fill my little belly
With lollypops and pap;
They'd smother me with kisses,
And dress me fine somehow,
And let me do whate'er I liked,
I wish they'd do it now.
I'd choose to be, &c.

Oh, when I was a baby,
They'd walk me out serene,
They'd powder me and wash me,
And keep me nice and clean;
They'd praise my little figure,
And kiss me on the brow,
And wish they had one like me—
Why don't they do it now.
I'd choose to be, &c.

The Draper's Clerk; or, Joanna and Vermicelli.

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There was a young man liv'd in Plymouth town,
Vermicelli was his maiden name,
He got tired of living a country life,
And he wasn't very much for to blame.
Oh! he emigrated down to this here town,
The fountain of all wealth,
And he measured out tape in a draper's shop,
Which wasn't very good for his health.

Oh! he fell in love with a sweet young dove,
Her name it was Joanna;
She wore a magnolious crinoline,
And she punished the grand pianner.
Oh! he took her up to Richmond, on the penny boat,
And fed her on strawberries and cream.
She was chief engineer in a milliner's shop,
And boss of a sewing machine.

There was a photographic man lived opposite her house,
And he tried her cruel heart for to soften,
And he won her young affections away,
By taking her picture for noffin'.
When the draper's clerk came to hear of this,
Out of him it took the shine;
He pack'd his clothes in a cigar-box, and bought a through ticket,
And sail'd for Melbourne on the Black Ball line.

The Dying Soldier;

OR, ONE OF THE RANK AND FILE.

'Twas a glorious day, worth a warrior's telling,
Two kings had fought, and the fight was done;
When amidst the shout of victory swelling,
A soldier fell on the field he'd won.
He thought of kings and royal quarrels,
And thought of glory without a smile—
For what had he to do with laurels,
He was only one of the rank and file.
But drawing his little cruiskeen,
He drank to his pretty colleen,
"Oh! darling," said he, "if I die,
You won't be a widow—for why?
Sure you would never have me, vourneen."

Then a raven tress from his bosom taking,
That now was stain'd with his life-stream shed;
A fervent prayer on that ringlet making,
He blessings sought on the loved one's head.
And visions fair of his native mountains
Arose, enchanting his fading sight;
Her emerald valleys and crystal fountains,
Were never shining more clear and bright.
But grasping his little cruiskeen,
He pledged that dear island so green:—
"Though far from thy valleys I die,
Dearest isle of my heart, thou art nigh,
As tho' absent I never had been."

A tear now fell, for as life was sinking,
The pride that guarded his manly eye
Had weaker grown, and such tender thinking
Brought Heaven, and home, and his true-love nigh.
But, with the fire of his gallant nation,
He scorned surrender without a blow;
He met Death with capitulation,
And with warlike honours he still would go.
But drawing his little cruiskeen,
He drank to his cruel colleen,
To the emerald land of his birth,
Then lifeless he sank to the earth,
Brave a soldier as ever was seen

The Sailor's Grave.

Our bark was far, far from the land,
When the fairest of our gallant band
Grew deadly pale, and weaned away,
Like the twilight of an autumn day.
We had watch'd him through long hours of pain,
Our cares were great, our hopes in vain,
Death's stroke he gave no coward's alarm,
But he smiled and died in his messmate's arms.

We had no costly winding-sheet,
We placed two round shots at his feet;
He lays in his hammock as snug and as sound
As a king in his long shroud, marble-bound.
We proudly deck'd his funeral vest,
With a British flag upon his breast—
We gave him this as a badge of the brave,
And then he was fit for a sailor's grave.

Our voices broke and hearts turned weak,
Oft tears were seen on the brownest cheek,
The quiver played on the lip of pride,
As we lower'd him down the ship's dark side;
Then a splash and a plunge, and our task was o'er,
And the billows rolled as they rolled before,
And many wild prayers hallow'd the waves,
As he sank beneath a sailor's grave.

Didn't she seem to like it.

Words by GEORGE SIDNEY.

AIR—*So early in de morning.*

On Easter Monday, I went out for a spree,
A few adventures just to see;
A lady fair I did espy,
And on her I winked my eye,
And didn't she seem to like it,
And didn't she seem to like it,
And didn't she seem to like it,
I rayther think she did.

I hastened to her—had a talk,
Invited her to take a walk;
She said, of course, there was no harm,
As she took my proffered arm,
And didn't she seem to like it,
And didn't she seem to like it,
And didn't she seem to like it,
I rayther think she did.

Declared she did, "I was *so* kind."
I exclaimed, "Oh! never mind."
To a tavern we went in,
I called for stout, but she drank gin,
And didn't she seem to like it,
And didn't she seem to like it,
And didn't she seem to like it,
I rayther think she did.

On an oyster supper I was bent,
To join me she gave her consent;
Twelve dozen had, or thereabout;
But then the extra double stout—
Oh! didn't she seem to like it,
Oh! didn't she seem to like it,
Oh! didn't she seem to like it,
I rayther think she did.

She soon beheld some other man,
To converse with him she began,
When leaving me, said, with a grin,
"I've had him for oysters, stout, and gin."
And didn't they seem to like it,
And didn't they seem to like it,
And didn't they seem to like it,
The joke, indeed they did.

When by myself was left alone,
Found my watch and chain had gone;
She was making a retreat—
A policeman took her to Bow Street,
And she didn't seem to like it,
And she didn't seem to like it,
And she didn't seem to like it,
I don't suppose she did.

Next morning I had to appear,
And prosecute this lady fair,
Her sad fate she did bewail,
For she was sent six months to gaol,
And she didn't seem to like it,
And she didn't seem to like it,
And she didn't seem to like it,
I don't suppose she did.

SPOKEN.—This is the MORAL, especially written for gentlemen:—

Gentlemen, a warning take, I pray,
From this fair one leading me astray,
For you will find they, every one,
The entire hog will go, or none,
And don't they seem to like it,
And don't they seem to like it,
And don't they seem to like it,
I rayther think they do.

When a good Housewife sees a Rat.

When a good housewife sees a rat,
In a trap in the morning taken,
With pleasure her heart goes pit-a-pa
For revenge of loss of bacon;
Then she throws it to the dog or cat,
To be worried, eat, or shaken.

The Englishman.

There's a land that bears a world-known name,
Tho' 'tis but a little spot,
Tis first on the blazing scroll of fame,
And who shall say it is not.
Of the deathless ones who shine and live,
In arms, in heart, in song,
The brightest the whole wide world can give,
To that little land belong.
'Tis the star of the earth, deny it who can,
The island home of an Englishman.
'Tis the star of the earth, &c.

There's a flag that waves o'er ev'ry sea,
No matter when or where,
And to treat that flag as ought but the free,
Is more than the strongest dare.
For the lion-spirits that tread the deck,
Have carried the palm of the brave,
And that flag may sink with a shot torn wreck,
But never float o'er a slave.
Its honour is stainless, deny it who can,
The flag of a true born Englishman.
Its honour is stainless, &c.

There's a heart that leaps with burning glow,
The wrong'd and the weak to defend,
It strikes as soon for a trampled foe,
As it does for a soul-bound friend;
It nurtures a deep and honest love,
The passion of hope and pride,
And yearns with the fondness of a dove
For the light of its own fireside.
'Tis a rich rough gem, deny it who can,
The heart of a true-born Englishman.
'Tis a rich rough gem, &c.

The Briton may traverse the pole or zone,
And boldly claim his right,
For he calls such a vast domain his own,
That the sun never sets on his might.
Let the haughty stranger seek to know,
The place of his home and birth,
And a flush will pour from cheek to brow,
While he tells of his native earth.
Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,
That's breath'd in the words "I'm an Englishman.
'Tis a glorious charter, &c.

Neapolitaine.

Neapolitaine, I'm dreaming of thee,
I'm hearing thy footfall, so joyous and free;
Thy dark, flashing eyes are entwining me yet;
Thy voice, with its music, I ne'er can forget.
I am far from thy land, from thy own sunny home,
Alone in the wide world with sorrow I roam;
In the halls of the gay, and wherever it be,
Still, Neapolitaine. I'm dreaming of thee.
Neapolitaine, I'm dreaming of thee.
Neapolitaine, I'm dreaming of thee.

Neapolitaine, art thou thinking of me?
Hath absence not banished my memory from thee?
Dost thou think of our meetings, their whispers to keep,
When bright eyes were calling each lov'd one from sleep?
And yet I would not have a cloud on thy brow,
As bright as they were, let them shine on me now,
For 'tis memory that brings all thy beauty to me,
Still, Neapolitaine, I'm dreaming of thee. Neapolitaine, &c,

'Tis jolly to hunt.

Tis jolly to hunt in the bright moonlight,
When a man can couch in the six-foot fern,
And the cold, crisp air of the Autumn night,
Makes the outlaw's faggot more clearly burn.
After prayers, Heaven bless him! the fat red priest
Talks big of his park, as he sits at his feast;
There is not an Abbot, from sea to sea,
But keepeth the best of his deer for me.

'Tis merry to spend, in the broad, broad town,
When the Mayor snores loud o'er his cups of wine,
And the mercer, to clothe us, must needs roll down
His wool and his velvet so superfine.
Let the Mayor, Heaven bless him! so gravely sleep,
Let the Mercer boast of his vaults so deep,
And seal up his chest with his padlocks three,
There is still a bag of his gold for me.

'Tis bonny to feast in the gay, gay bower,
To the harp and the lute and the love-sick horn,
Where they sing and they dance 'till the murk night hour,
Is busy as noon, and as blithe as morn;
And the Earl, Heaven bless him! must needs command
His lady to smile on his trusty friend;
There's never a lady of high degree,
But hoardeth her kindest of smiles for me.

The Throne of our Queen.

Let it be well understood
That our Monarch so good,
Has the blessings of all the whole nation;
And if wars dire alarms
Calls Britons to arms!
Every man will be found at his station.
For what land but our own
Can such raptures impart,
When the throne of our Queen
Is an Englishman's heart.

The French they say much,
And try to do such
With the secret police in our nation;
But ne'er be it said,
That a Briton's in dread
Of the threats of such friends of confusion
For what land, &c.

Tell this to our foes
If they dare interpose
With old England—her sons are on duty,
Their Queen to stand by,
Fight, conquer, or die!
To protect constitution and beauty.
For what land, &c.

I've been true to thee.

I never said that I had loved
No other girl but thee,
I ne'er denied that I had roved
Far o'er the wide, wide sea.
But Mary why these troubled thoughts
Too oft you've doubted me,
I have, I know, too many faults,
But I've been true to thee.

Then, Mary, never let a thought
'Gainst me possess your heart,
Unless you are with malice fraught,
And wish from me to part.
But, dearest, hear my plighted vow,
The while I bend the knee,
I love thee more than all beside,
And I'll be true to thee.

It was a form.

RECITATIVE.

One day I wandered far away,
As deer is known to browse or stray,
And roving down the mountain's side,
With Heaven, my only hope and guide.
The cries of danger caught mine ear,
As an unbridled horse drew near
Bearing a fainting form. Between
That steed and yonder deep ravine,
I sprung, and reckless of alarms,
Clasped the sad victim in mine arms!

AIR.

It was a form so finely wrought—
A look, though pale, so fair,
It seemed that lavish Nature brought
Her choicest treasures there.
To gaze upon her beauty's beam,
In hope its light to share,
Tho' less than fancy fain would dream,
Is more than it would dare.

The charm upon that brow and cheek
Have rarely blended yet,
And worship elsewhere vain might seek
The idol there it met.
To gaze upon, &c.

Sally in our alley.

Published by Cramer, Beale, and Co.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
That's half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

Of all the days that are in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday.
Oh! then I'm dress'd all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling, &c.

When Christmas comes about again,
Oh! then I shall have money;
I'll save it up, and, box and all,
I'll give unto my honey;
And when my seven long years are out,
Oh! then I'll marry Sally,
And then how happily we'll live,
But not in our alley.

Who shall be fairest?

Who shall be fairest?—who shall be rarest?
Who shall be first in the songs that we sing?
She who is kindest, when fortune is blindest,
Bearing thro' winter the bloom of the spring.
Charm of our gladness, friend of our sadness,
Angel of life, when its pleasures take wing!
She shall be fairest, she shall be rarest,
She shall be first in the songs that we sing.

Who shall be nearest?—noblest and dearest?
Nam'd but with honour and pride evermore!
He, the undaunted, whose banner is planted,
On glory's high ramparts, and battlements hoar.
Fearless of danger, to falsehood a stranger,
Looking not back while there's duty before:
He shall be nearest, he shall be dearest,
He shall be first in our heart evermore.

Molly the Betrayed.

In a kitchen in Portsmouth a fair maid did dwell,
For grammar and graces none could her excel,
Young Villiam he courted her to be his dear,
And he by his trade was a ship's carpen*tier*.
Singing doddle, doddle, chip, chum, chow chooral li la.

Now it chanc'd that von day ven her vages vas paid,
Young Villiam valk'd vith her, and thus to her said,
"More lovely are you than the ships on the sea."
Then she nudg'd him, and laugh'd, and said "Fiddle de dee."
Singing, doddle, &c.

Then he led her o'er hills, and down walleys so deep,
At length this fair damsel began for to weep;
Saying, "I fancy, sweet Villiam, you've brought me this way
On porpos my hinnercent life to betray!"
Singing, doddle, &c.

He said, "that is true, and we've no time to stand,"
And immediately took a sharp knife in his hand,
He pierc'd her best gown till the blood it did flow,
And into the grave her fair body did throw.
Singing, doddle, &c.

That night as asleep in his hammock he lay,
He fancied he heard some sperit to say,
"Oh, vake up, young Villiam, and listen to hear,
The voice of your Molly what lov'd you so doar.
Your ship bound from Portsmouth it never shall go,
Till I am reveng'd for my sad overthrow,
The anchor is veigh'd, the vinds fair and strong,
But all is in vain, for your ship shan't go on."
Then up com'd the captain vith "unfurl every sail!"
He guv'd his command, but all no avail,
A mist on the *hocean* arose all around,
And no vay to move this fine ship could be found.
Singing, doddle, &c.

Then he called up his men, with a shout and a vhoop,
And he ordered young Villiam to stand on the poop.
"There's summat not right," says he, "'mongst this ere crew,
And I'm blow'd if I don't think, young Villiam, it's you."
Singing, doddle, &c.

Then Villiam turned red, and then vite, and then green,
Vile Molly's pale ghost at his side it vas seen;
Her buzom vas vite, the blood it vas red,
She spoke not, but wanish'd—and that's all she said.
Singing, doddle, &c.

MORAL.

Now all servant gals who my story does hear,
Just remember poor Molly and her ship's carpen*tier*,
If your sweethearts they axes you vith them to roam,
Just be careful to leave all your vages at home.
Singing, doddle, &c.

The Misletoe Bough.

The misletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall,
And the baron's retainers were blythe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday;
The baron beheld, with a father's pride,
His beautiful child, young Lovel's bride;
While she, with her bright eyes, seemed to be,
The star of that goodly company.
Oh! the misletoe bough.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried,
"Here tarry a moment, I'll hide—I'll hide;
And Lovel, be sure thou'rt the first to trace,
The clue to my secret lurking place;"
Away she ran, and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan,
And young Lovel cried, "Oh! where dost thou hide!
I'm lonely without thee, my own dear bride."
Oh! the misletoe bough.

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day,
And they sought her in vain till a week passed away:
In the highest—the lowest—the loneliest spot,
Young Lovel sought wildly, but found her not.
And years flew by, and their grief at last,
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past:
And when Lovel appear'd the children cried,
"See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."
Oh! the misletoe bough.

At length an old chest, that had long laid hid,
Was found in the castle, they raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair.
Oh! sad was her fate, in sportive jest,
She hid from her lord in that old oak chest—
It closed with a spring—and dreadful doom,
The bride lay clasped in her living tomb.
Oh! the misletoe bough.

Katty, Avourneen.

'Twas a cold winter night, and the tempest was snarling,
The snow like a sheet cover'd cabin and stye;
When Barney flew over the hills to his darling,
And tap'd at the window where Katty did lie;
"Arrah, jewel," says he, "are you sleeping or waking?
It's a cold bitter night, and my coat it is thin;
The storm is a brewin'—the frost is a bakin',
O, Katty, avourneen, you must let me in."

"Ah, then, Barney," says Kate, and she spoke thro' the window,
"How could you be taking us out of our bed,
To come at this time, its a shame and a sin too,
Its whiskey, not love, has got into your head.
If your heart it was true of my fame you'd be tender,
Consider the hour, and there's nobody in,
What has a poor girl but her name to defend her,
No, Barney, avourneen, I won't let you in."

"A cushla," says he, "its my heart is a fountain,
That weeps for the wrong I might lay at your door;
Your name is more white than the snow on the mountain,
And Barney would die to preserve it as pure.
I'll go to my home tho' the winter winds face me,
I'll whistle them off for I'm happy within,
And the words of my Katty will comfort and bless me,
'No, Barney, Avourneen, I won't let you in'."

When first I heard thy voice declare.

When first I heard thy voice declare
Thy changeless love for me,
I thought those silvery accents were
More sweet than song could be.
A wild delight then filled my heart,
But soon the joy was o'er,
For fate unkindly bade us part,
To meet, perchance, no more.

Nor time, my love, can e'er destroy,
'Tis thine until the last,
And e'en my sorrows seem as joy,
When mingling with the past.
Some perfume lingers in the wreath,
When all its hues depart,
And some faint joy will lie beneath
The ruins of the heart.

Kate Kearney.

Oh! did you not hear of Kate Kearney?
She lives on the banks of Killarney.
From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.

For that eye is so modestly beaming,
You'd near think of mischief she's dreaming;
Yet oh, I can tell, how fatal's the spell,
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh! should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney;
Beware of her smile, for many a wile,
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
There's mischief in every dimple;
And who dares inhale her mouth's spicy gale,
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

The light of other days.

The light of other days is faded,
And all their glories past,
For grief with heavy wing hath shaded
The hopes too bright to last;
The world, which morning's mantle clouded,
Shines forth with purer rays;
But the heart ne'er feels in sorrow shrouded,
The light of other days.

The leaf which autumn tempests wither,
The birds that then take wing,
When winter's winds are past come hither,
To welcome back the spring;
The very ivy on the ruin
In gloom full life displays,
But the heart alone knows no renewing,
The light of other days.

DAMAGED PAGE(S)

The Captain with the Whiskers.

As they marched through the town, with their banners so gay,
I ran to the window to hear the band play;
I peeped through the blind very cautiously then,
Lest the neighbours should say that I was looking at the men.
Oh! I heard the drums beat, and the music so sweet,
But my eyes at the time caught a much greater treat;
The troop was the finest I ever did see,
And the Captain with the whiskers took a sly glance at me.

When we met at the ball, I of course thought 'twas right
To pretend that we ne'er had met before that night;
But he knew me at once, I could see by his glance,
And I hung down my head when he asked me to dance.
Oh! he sat by my side, at the end of the set,
And the sweet words he spoke I shall never forget,
For my heart was enlisted, and could not get free,
As the captain with the whiskers took a sly glance at me.

But he marched from the town, and I saw him no more,
Yet I think of him oft, and the whiskers he wore;
I dream all the night, and I talk all the day,
Of the love of a captain who has gone far away.
I remember with superabundant delight
When we met in the street, and we danced all the night,
And keep in my mind how my heart jumped with glee,
As the captain with the whiskers took a sly glance at me.

The Christmas Party.

AIR—*Going out a Shooting.*

Since we for mirth and wit incline,
And you've my muse caught in a line,
I'll sing about some friends of mine,
Who gave a Christmas party.
The two Miss Summers, Mr. Snow,
Who melted was, or nearly so,
With many another belle and beau,
Were to the party asked to go;
Then maiden aunts, some old and lame,
And cousins more than I can name,
Were all to dinner asked, and came,
To join the Christmas party.
For fun and frolic, and good cheer,
To bury sorrow once a year,
Relations they came far and near,
To join the Christmas party.

The dinner scarcely had begun
When all was jollity and fun.
Good things are often said and done,
When at a Christmas party.
Miss Prim, a maid of sixty-two,
Was in a most outrageous stew,
She couldn't eat, and what to do,
Not for the life of her she knew.
She blushing said, "To speak my mind,
To-day fate's been to me unkind;
I've all my false teeth left behind,
Far from the Christmas party.
For fun and frolic, &c.

Now having lost her teeth, you'd think
It greatly would her spirits sink,
But no, she after took to drink,
When at the Christmas party.
One Mr. Lowe, it did appear,
Had fallen in love with sweet Miss Mere.
When ask'd if he'd on venison cheer,
Said, "Yes, he'd take a little *dear!*"
Then thinking he'd a custard got,
He seized hold of the mustard pot,
And, oh! he swallowed such a lot,
When at the Christmas party.
For fun and frolic, &c.

The beef discuss'd and stow'd away,
We mov'd the "order of the day,"
Plum-puddings smoking soon were they
When at the Christmas party.
We needed nothing to entice,
But cut the pudding in a trice,
And every one soon had a slice,
But thought it wasn't overnice.
We found the cook in liquor got,
To put in any plums forgot,
And instead of currants mixed up shot,
To vex the Christmas party.
For fun and frolic, &c.

Tho' many this caus'd to repine,
A worse misfortune then was mine,
I vinegar pour'd out for wine,
When at the Christmas party.
My wife declared it was all a trick,
I only wish'd to make her sick;
A vulgar fellow in the nick,
Then swore he'd "wop me like a brick!"
My wife, not liking such disgrace,
Forgetting company or place,
The vinegar threw in his face,
When at the Christmas party.
For fun and frolic, &c.

Good-humour once again restor'd,
We sat around the festive board,
Each seem'd with fun and frolic stor'd
When at the Christmas party.
"There's my son Tom, a forward child,"
Said Mr. Bayly, as he smiled,
"Although his mother says he's spoil'd,
He's oft us by a song beguil'd."
Each scrambled to a seat and sat
As quiet as an old door-mat,
When Tom struck up "All round my hat,"
Before the Christmas party.
For fun and frolic, &c.

Thus merrily we pass'd the day,
Till morn came on, we couldn't stay,
So all prepared to go away,
Though from the Christmas party.
But on the stones about the door,
Some rascals they threw water o'er,
Which having frozen till it bore,
Of ice there was indeed a store.
We started from the house pell-mell,
All over one another fell,
And long it was ere we got well,
All through the Christmas party.

The Young Man from the Country.

When first I went to service, a nurse-maid's place I took,
There was me, and Jane the housemaid, and Margaret the cook;
We all of us had followers, but the best of all the three,
Was the young man from the country as kept company with me.
That young man, &c.

The first time he came in to tea, the snow was on the ground,
Next morning master's overcoat was nowhere to be found.
And yet I see'd it on the peg, when I sat down to tea
With that young man from the country as kept company with me.
That young man, &c.

When next he came, the dinner-things were lying all about,
For Jane that day was busy, and 'twas Margaret's Sunday out;
Two silver forks was stole that night, yet no thief did I see,
No more did that young man as kept company with me.
That young man, &c.

He came again, and yet again—how often I can't say—
And things kept going from the house in quite an awful way;
We couldn't tell who took 'em—neither Jane, nor cook, nor me,
Nor that young man from the country as kept company with me.
That young man, &c.

One day a policeman came for me, my evidence to give,
I never shall forget it the longest day I live;
In the Old Bailey, there I see, condemned for felony,
That young man from the country as kept company with me.
That young man, &c.

'Twas he as stole the forks and spoons, 'twas he the coat as took;
I lost my place next morning, so did Jane, and so did cook.
Young women, all take warning, don't have followers in to tea,
Lest they treat you as that young man from the country treated me.
That young man, &c.

The Life of a Clown.

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Come, listen to me, and I'll sing you a song—
It's not very short, and it's not very long—
But all about me, such a comical elf;
Ah! sure you are laughing, so I'll laugh at myself.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! fol de rol, &c.

My nurse, poor old soul, she fed me with pies,
My mother she taught me plenty of lies,
And my master, Old Pants, has learnt me to thieve,
So I cheat all I can, and laugh in my sleeve.
Ha, ha, &c.

I can sham a cold, and give you a sneeze,
Turn in my toes, do whatever you please,
Roll my eyes round from the North to the South,
And you plainly may see I've a nice little mouth.
Ha, ha, &c.

I've tried all my life, up to this merry meeting,
To gain from you, my friends, a kind greeting,
To please both the old and the young I'll endeavour;
Come, laugh with me, and we'll all laugh together.
Ha, ha, &c.

Great Sensations.

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All the world is on the move, nobody can doubt it,
Looking out for something new—they cannot do without it.
Ev'ry day brings something strange beneath our observation;
Always seeking for a change to cause a great sensation.
CHORUS.
Here, there, and everywhere—no matter what their station,
Everybody's on the move seeking some sensation.

The folks of great America are kicking up a riot,
North and South are up in arms, and say they won't keep quiet;
Abraham Lincoln, like a brick, is for emancipation,
And his defence of Liberty has caused this great sensation.
Here, there, &c.

The paper duty's taken off, 'twill save us many dollars;
Now the swells will all come out in turn-down paper collars,
Poets at a cheaper rate can likewise pen their sonnets,
And ladies look quite nobby in their paper spoonbill bonnets.
Here, there, &c.

Blondin, in America, cross'd the great Niagara,
And upon his rope he's never found to be a staggerer;
At the Crystal Palace, too, he's had a grand ovation,
For he cook'd a pancake on the rope, and caused a great sensation.
Here, there, &c.

At the Alhambra, Leotard, they'll not allow that chap ease,
But send him whirling, ev'ry night, from off the Flying Trapèze;
One poor fellow spilt himself, by trying imitation—
Folks like to see things dangerous, it gives them a sensation.
Here, there, &c.

Fechter, in his "Hamlet," most successfully progresses;
To the ceiling, ev'ry night, he's crowding the Princess's.
With the Adelphi "Colleen Bawn," the public approbation
He divides, for equally they cause a great sensation.
Here, there, &c.

Over-ground and under-ground, they're tired of the stale way,
Train above, and *train* below, we'll have a double railway.
The Exhibition, '62, will much delight the nation,
And foreigners in shoals bring o'er, to find a new sensation.
Here, there, &c.

Spurgeon's got a chapel fine, his love is quite *platconic*,
And, to bring in the cash, he says he'll concerts start harmonic;
He'll me engage for comic songs, to make a demonstration—
I think that if I did them there, they'd cause a great sensation.
Here, there, &c.

They've now got Sunday pleasure-trips to Syd'nham Crystal Palace,
And the Prince of Hesse is about to wed our Princess Alice—
Thirty thousand he will get, from the coffers of the nation,
I'll take her off their hands with half by way of a sensation.
Here, there, &c.

Should your wife perchance go wrong, or ruin you to *dress* well,
You're certain to obtain *redress* from Sir Cresswell Cresswell;
Prove your case beyond a doubt, state time and situation,
Then he'll grant you a divorce—now there's a great sensation.
Here, there, &c.

Jumping songs are all the rage, and suit the public fancy,
"The Perfect Cure," "Sally, come up," and "I wish I was with Nancy."
Now, I only hope my little song has met your approbations,
And, if it has, another night I'll sing some new sensations.
Here, there, &c.

The Perfect Cure.

Young Love he plays some funny tricks
With us unlucky elves;
So, gentlemen, I pray, look out,
And take care of yourselves;
For once I met a nice young maid,
Looking so demure,
And all at once to me she cried,
"You are a perfect cure!"
A Cure, a Cure, a perfect Cure,
Oh! isn't I a Cure?

I wasted on her lots of cash,
In hopes her love to share.
I with her used to cut a dash,
And all things went on square,
Until I caught another chap,
Who on his knees did woo her—
She cried, as he my face did slap,
"You are a perfect cure!"
A Cure, a Cure, &c.

I called upon her the next day,
Concerning that affair;
I took a seat, and on it lay
A strange hat, I declare.
"Whose hat is that?" says I. Says she,
"Not yours, you may be sure,
So you may walk your chalks from me,
For you are a perfect cure!"
A Cure, a Cure, &c.

"Cure or no cure," I replied;
"Such insults are not needed."
When a tall young fellow I espied,
Who nearly half-killed me did;
I through the window took a leap,
And fell into a common sewer,
They dragged me out, and loud did shout,
"There goes a perfect cure!"
A Cure, a Cure, &c.

I was laid up ill for seven months,
Indeed I'm not romancing,
Which brought on Mr. Tantiny's dance—
That's why I keep on dancing.
One day, a beadle called on me,
I felt alarmed, you're sure.
"Along with me, come on," says he,
"You are the perfect cure!"
A Cure, a Cure, &c.

He took me 'fore the magistrate,
And there stood faithless she;
An artful tale she did relate,
And swore the babe to me.
The case created lots of fun,
At my expense be sure,
So I pay for what I never done—
Ain't I a perfect cure?
A Cure, a Cure, &c.

A cure, the neighbours now call me;
My shopmates say the same;
They try to cure me of my love,
And rob me of my name.
I've told you all, my song is done—
You'll pity me, I'm sure,
And say, as I away do run,
There goes the perfect cure!
A Cure, a Cure, &c.

Joe's Second Dilemma.

Music at J. Shepherd's, Newgate-street.

Well, that time we were not found out,
My mistress went to bed,
But I meant to give her warning
If another word was said.
Next morning, when she came down stairs,
(She helps me when it suits),
What should she in the copper find,
But one of *Joseph's* boots.

"What's this?" says she, "whose can it be?
A boot, I do declare!"
"It must be master's, ma'am," I said,
"But how could it get there?"
I only wish you could have seen
Her temper—how it riz—
"Your master don't wear high-lows,
So it can't be one of his."

Of course I then began to cry,
Could I my tears control?
"I am not given to boiling boots,
I aint, upon my soul.
Some thief, who wish'd to rob the place,
Perhaps belongs to that;
It must have been brought in the house,
Oh! please, ma'am, it's the cat."

It was not till long after that
I dare let Joseph come,
Till Missis down to Margate went,
And Master was from home.
They'd put me on board wages,
And I felt so very low,
I did not like to sit alone,
So to tea invited Joe.

Well, after tea, Joe said that he
Should like to have a smoke;
About returns and Maryland
He made the usual joke.
His right arm it was round my waist,
With his left he blow'd his cloud,
When, what a shock! 'twas master's knock—
It was so long and loud.

I pointed to the copper, but
Said Joe, "No! if I do,
May I be"—boiled, I think he meant,
I was in such a stew.
Says I, "Then there's the cistern,
And it's empty, I declare!"
And while I let my Master in,
Joe slily crept in there.

'Twas not that Master often did
Come down the kitchen stairs,
Except when Missis was from home,
But then 'twas unawares.
I think he had been dining out,
He was so full of joking,
When all at once he stopp'd and said,
"Why, Mary, who's been smoking?"

I did not know what to reply,
I was in such a state,
Till finding courage, I exclaimed,
"Oh, please, sir, it's the grate."
"The grate," said he, "now don't tell me,
You know you tell a cracker,
It's very clear there's some one here,
For the grate don't smoke tobacco."

We all at once heard such a noise,
My Master had not gone,
The stupid turncock he had been
And turned the water on.
Poor Joseph stood it like a man,
Till the cistern it was filled,
Then like a half-drowned rat jumped out,
For fear he should be killed.

Well, like a stuck pig there I stood,
I'd not a word to say,
But my Master paid my wages,
And I left that very day.
If any here a servant want,
Of the place I should be proud,
But mind it must be one of those
Where followers *are* allowed.

My own, my Guiding Star.

Music published by Cramer and Beale.

Thy gentle voice would lead me on—
My own, my guiding star—
Till every sense of life were gone,
E'en wert thou plac'd afar;
And now thou deign'st so near to shine,
With rays that warm and cheer,
The surest, firmest hopes are mine—
My soul is strange to fear.

Thou need'st not doubt, thou need'st not grieve,
I bear a potent spell;
Be certain Love will ne'er deceive,
The heart that serves him well.
I know my path will lead me right,
With such a prize in view;
And happy omens bless my sight,
That must—that shall be true.

Maid of Athens.

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh! give me back my heart,
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest.
Hear my vow before I go,
Zoe mou, sas agapo!*

By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by each Ægean wind,
By those lids, whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Zoe mou, sas agapo!*

Maid of Athens, I am gone,
Think of me, sweet, when alone;
Though I fly to Istamboul,
Athens holds my heart and soul.
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Zoe mou, sas agapo!*

Minnie Clyde.

Oh! long have I sung of sweet Kitty Clyde,
Who lived at the foot of the hill:
And though that sweet pretty bird has flown,
Another is living there still.
She's blythe and gay as the robins that sing
On the trees at the old mill side:
And if ever I loved a girl in my life,
'Tis the charming sweet Minnie Clyde.

Oh! Minnie Clyde, she is my pride,
And sure I am no jester;
For if ever I loved a girl in my life,
'Tis Minnie, Kitty Clyde's sister.

I think her eyes are brighter than Kitty's;
The dimple in her chin is deeper—
I would be imprisoned the rest of my life
With Minnie Clyde for my keeper.
In the festive throng she sings a sweet song,
With the lowly alike she is meek;
Her eyes are the windows of her soul
Through which Minnie's heart would speak.

Oh! Minnie Clyde, &c.

Oh! blest are the hearts that live in the cot
That stands at the foot of the hill:
Oh! sweet are the songs that echo in the glen,
By the murmur of the moss-covered mill;
The birds all chant their notes to Minnie,
The angels above have caressed her—
But you have the angels, and you have the birds,
And I'll have Kitty Clyde's sister.

Oh! Minnie Clyde, &c.

* My life, my life, I love thee.

Rosalie, the Prairie Flower

On the distant prairie, where the heather wild,
In its quiet beauty lived and smiled,
Stands a little cottage, and a creeping vine
Loves around its porch to twine;
In that peaceful dwelling was a lovely child,
With her blue eyes beaming soft and mild,
And the wavy ringlets of her flaxen hair
Floating in the summer air.
Fair as a lily, joyous and free,
Light of that prairie home was she,
Ev'ryone who knew her felt the gentle pow'r
Of Rosalie, the prairie flower.

On that distant prairie, when the days were long,
Tripping like a fairy, sweet her song,
With the sunny blossoms and the birds at play,
Beautiful and bright as they.
When the twilight shadows gathered in the west,
And the voice of nature sunk to rest,
Like a cherub kneeling seemed the lovely child,
With her gentle eyes so mild.
Fair as a lily, joyous and free,
Light of that prairie home was she,
Ev'ry one who knew her felt the gentle pow'r
Of Rosalie, the prairie flower.

But the summer faded, and the chilly blast
O'er that happy cottage swept at last;
When the autumn song-birds woke the dewy morn,
Little Prairie Flower was gone.
For the angels whisper'd softly in her ear,
"Child, thy Father calls thee, stay not here;"
And they gently bore her, robed in spotless white,
To their blissful home of light.
Though we shall never look on her more,
Gone with the love and joy she bore;
Far away she's blooming in a fadeless bower.
Sweet Rosalie, the prairie flower.

The Canteeneer.

They call me the Canteeneer,
I'm the pet of the whole brigade,
There is not a man, from the rear to the van,
But salutes to my gay cockade.
I'm the pet of the whole brigade, &c.

When the troops by day are marching,
When throats with thirst are parching
And a "halt," and a "halt," the bugles call,
Through the ranks I pass, with my sparkling glass,
And a kindly nod for all.
And 'tis "here," and 'tis "here," and 'tis "here," and 'tis "here," and 'tis "here," and 'tis "here,"
But not one lip of the cup will sip,
Without a health to the Canteeneer.
They call me the Canteeneer, &c.

When the stars are glimm'ring bright,
In the canopy of night,
And the watch-fires' flick'ring light
Is burning clear, is burning clear,
To while the time away,
'Till the slowly dawning day,
It's "a song," "a song," "a song,"—
"Come, Canteeneer."
Yes, I am the Canteeneer, &c.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, for the Canteeneer.

Be kind to the loved Ones at Home.

Be kind to thy father, for when thou wert young,
Who loved you so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with grey,
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold;
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother, for now on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;
Oh, well mayst thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother, for thee she will pray,
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark Valley of Death.

Be kind to thy sister, not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Be kind to thy brother, wherever you are;
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament fairer and richer by far,
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

Forget not your Kathleen.

Composed by S. W. New.

Forget not your Kathleen
When on the wide sea,
Remember, dear Dennis,
She lives but for thee.
I know that 'tis duty
Alone bids you go,
And leave me behind ye
In sorrow and woe.

Though far you may wander
From home and from me,
My blessings and prayers
Shall be ever with thee.
In good or in evil,
In each changing scene,
Remember me, dearest,
Forget not Kathleen.

Forget not your Kathleen
Where'er you may roam,
Nor kind hearts that love ye—
The old friends at home.
Remember, dear love,
In the hour of distress,
When dangers surround thee,
Or sorrows oppress.

Tho' fortune frown on thee,
Your Kathleen will smile,
And a home you will find
In your own native Isle,
In storm or in sunshine,
In each changeful scene,
Remember me, Dennis—
Forget not Kathleen.

The Oath.

"Do you," said Fanny, t'other day,
"In earnest love me as you say,
Or are these tender words applied
To fifty girls alike beside?"
Dear, cruel girl, cried I, forbear;
For by those eyes, those lips, I swear—
She stopp'd me as the oath I took,
And cried, "you've sworn—now kiss the book."

The Whole Hog or None.

I've just arrived across the sea,
All the way from Canada;
You Britishers I've come to see,
Not long escaped from slavery.
Up and down, I know a dodge or two,
I am pretty full of fun—
In and out, and round about,
I'll go the whole hog or none.
Up and down, &c.

Just arrived at Liverpool,
A chap came up and spoke to me—
Says he "I know you are no fool!
These things I've smuggled here, you see,
Cigars they are, some fine Havannah,
And India shawls, as sure as a gun;
I brought 'em in the ship Cabana—
I went the whole hog or none."
Up and down, &c.

Straight up to London then I came,
Determined all to see,
I went to concerts, masquerades,
And all the sights with glee.
By Fechter, the Shakesperian,
I saw the great Othello done;
At Sydenham Palace, Mr. Blondin
Went the whole hog or none.
Up and down, &c.

In Rotten Row the ladies all,
On every afternoon,
Their figures fine are showing off
To gain a husband soon.
Mammas desire to make a match,
By which they won't be done;
To catch a fine young chap like me,
They'll go the whole hog or none.
Up and down, &c.

The married men of London
Never stop out late at night;
Though they like a bit of fun,
And dearly love a sight!
They love their children dearly,
Their boys and girls surpassed by none;
They love their homes and wives, and like
To go the whole hog or none.
Up and down, &c.

Your humble servant now before ye
Will ever strive his part to play
"In the Strand," or "Dixey's Land,"
As "Uncle Sam," or "Peter Gray."
welcome given shows that you
Appreciate what he has done;
To gain your smiles he'll be prepared
To go the whole hog or none.
Up and down, &c.

So early in de Morning.

South Carolina's a sultry clime,
Where we work'd in de summer time;
Massa 'neath de shade would lay,
While we poor niggers toil'd all day.
So early in de morning,
So early in de morning,
So early in de morning,
Before de break ob day.

When I was young, I used to wait
On massa's table—lay de plate,
Pass de bottle when him dry,
Brush away de blue-tail'd fly.
So early in de morning,
So early in de morning,
So early in de morning,
Before de break ob day.

Now massa's dead, and gone to rest—
Ob all de massas he was best.
I neber see him like since I was born,
I miss him now him dead and gone.
So early in de morning,
So early in de morning,
So early in de morning,
Before de break ob day,

Peter Gray.

Music published by the Music Publishing Company, Peter's Hill, St. Paul's.

My song is of a nice young man,
They call'd him Peter Gray,
He fell in love with a fair young gal,
In Pen-syl-va-nia-ra—
In Pen-syl-va-nia-ra,
In Pen-syl-va-nia-ra—
He fell in love with a fair young gal,
In Pen-syl-va-nia-ra.
CHORUS.
Come back, Peter,
Come back, Peter Gray,
While we sing tooral laddy oh!
Sing tooral laddy day.

They wanted to be married,
But her daddy he said, "No!"
So he cruelly transported her
Beyond the O-hi-o—
Beyond the O-hi-o,
Beyond the O-hi-o—
So he cruelly transported her,
Beyond the O-hi-o.
Come back, Peter, &c.

When Lizzy found her love was cross'd,
She didn't know what to say,
So she went and drowned herself
In the Se-qui-a-ni-a—
In the Se-qui-a-ni-a,
In the Se-qui-a-ni-a—
So she went and drowned herself
In the Se-qui-a-ni-a.
Come back, Peter, &c.

Now Peter Gray went trading
With furs and other skins,
Where he got scalp'd and tomahawk'd
By the nasty In-ji-ens—
By the nasty In-ji-ens,
By the nasty In-ji-ens—
Where he got scalp'd and tomahawk'd
By the nasty In-ji-ens.
Come back, Peter, &c.

Stern pa-ri-ents, let boys and gals
Get married when they can,
For he who parts two loving hearts
Ain't worth a sin-gle ——
Ain't worth a sin-gle ——
Ain't worth a sin-gle ——
For he who parts two loving hearts
Ain't worth a sin-gle ——.
Come back, Peter, &c.

Dixey's Land.

Music published in "Musical Bouquet."

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Cinnamon seed and sandy bottom,
To de land, to de land, to de land, to de land!
In Dixey's land, whar I was born
Early on one frosty morn,
To de land, to de land, to de land, to de land!
I wish I was in Dixey.
Oh! in Dixey's land I'll take my stand,
And live and die in Dixey,
To de land, to de land,
Away down south in Dixey.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaver,
But dat did not seem greeb her,
To de land, &c.
Will ran away, missis took a decline,
Her face was de colour ob bacon rind,
To de land, &c.
I wish I was in Dixey.
Oh! in Dixey's land, &c.

While missis liv'd, she liv'd in clover,
When she died she died all over,
To de land, &c.
How could she act such a foolish part,
An' marry a man to break her heart,
To de land, &c.
I wish I was in Dixey.
Oh! in Dixey's Land, &c.

Buckwheat cakes are good strong batter,
Make you fat or a little fatter,
To de land, &c.
Here's a health to next old missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us,
To the land, &c.
I wish I was in Dixey.
Oh! in Dixey's land, &c.

O! Bob Ridley, O!

SUNG BY E. W. MACKNEY.

I've come to chuck a challenge out,
I don't care to whom or what about;
Dere am no man, or very few,
Can do de tings dat I can do.
Dis Bob Ridley, O!
O! dis Bob Ridley.

No nigger's been where I has been,
Or seen de sights dat I has seen,
Do I's so darkey to de sight,
You can't find white folk half so bright.
Dis Bob Ridley, O!
O! dis Bob Ridley.

At shooting I am such a blade,
A clipper at de gunning trade.
Throughout de States I can't be match'd,
I shoot all de birds before dem hatch'd.
Dis Bob Ridley, O!
O! dis Bob Ridley.

At boxing I am sure to gain on,
Twenty times I've lick'd Jack Heenan,
And to settle up de belt affairs,
I've come over here to belt Tom Sayers.
Dis Bob Ridley, O!
O! dis Bob Ridley.

Talk of swimming—if I wish
I can lick de fastest fish;
But what's de use of dem to talk?
I swim from London to New York.
Dis Bob Ridley, O!
O! dis Bob Ridley.

As for running of a race,
Dere's none can touch me in de place,
I once gib chase to a lightning flash,
Dis darkey lick'd it all to smash.
Dis Bob Ridley, O!
O! dis Bob Ridley.

ENCORE VERSES.

Here's ole Bob Ridley come again,
Some oder wonders to explain,
Of oder places where he's been,
What he's done, and what he's seen.
Dis Bob Ridley, O!
O! dis Bob Ridley.

I've seen a bull-frog chase a coon,
From de bog-hole to de moon.
I can't say weder foul or fair,
Being somewheres else—I wasn't dere.
Dis Bob Ridley, &c.

I went to sea on a short trip,
I saw a big whale chase a ship,
De ship not long did keep afloat,
De big whale bolt it down his throat.
Dis Bob Ridley, &c.

Dey tam'd de horse in Rarey's school,
But it's not like ole Bob Ridley's rule.
De wildest horse to tame I've tried,
And always cur'd him, 'cause he died.
Dis Bob Ridley, &c.

I went one day to hunt de buck,
And dere slipp'd in to lots ob luck,
I was dress'd so smart, wid watch in fob,
Dat for a buck dey hunted Bob.
Dis Bob Ridley, &c.

I once went out on an ole thief's trail,
I load my gun wid a long spike nail;
I miss'd de thief, so fast was he,
But nail'd his shadow to a tree.
Dis Bob Ridley, &c.

DAMAGED PAGE(S)

The Twig of the Shannon.

SUNG BY SAM COLLINS.

Music published by Foster and L'Enfant, Rathbone Place.

On the beautiful banks of the Shannon,
There grows such an *illegant* tree,
And the fruit that it bears is shillelagh,
I've a sprig of it here you may see;
'Tis the remnant of all my large fortune,
It's the friend that ne'er played me a trick,
And I'd rather lose half my supportin'
Than I'd part with this *illegant* stick,
'Twas a delicate sprig in the summer.
When I first cut it off from the tree.
And I've kept it thro' all the cold weather,
Faix! the sprig of shillelagh for me.

It's the porter that's carried my luggage,
For I've shoulder'd it many a mile,
And from thieves it will safely protect me
In a beautiful, delicate style.
It's useful for rows in the summer,
And when winter comes on with a storm,
If you're short of a fire in the cabin.
You can burn it to keep yourself warm.
'Twas a beautiful twig in the summer.
When I first cut it off from the tree,
And I've kept it through all the cold weather,
Faix! the twig of shillelagh for me.

It's a friend both so true and so constant,
It's constancy pen cannot paint,
For it always is there when it's wanted,
And sometimes it's there when it ain't
It beats all your guns and your *rifles*,
For it goes off whene'er you desire,
And it's sure to hit just what it aims at,
For shillelaghs they never *miss fire*.
'Twas a beautiful twig in the summer,
When I first cut it off from the tree.
And I've kept it through all the cold weather.
Faix! the twig of shillelagh for me.

It's a talisman so upright and honest,
Twenty shillings it pays in the pound,
So *if* ever it gets in your debt, sir,
You're sure to be paid I'll be bound.
It never runs up a long score, sir.
In trade it's not given to fail,
There's no danger of it's being insolvent,
For it always pays down on the nail,
'Twas a beautiful twig in the summer,
When I first cut it off from the tree,
And I've kept it through all the cold winter,
Faix! the twig of shillelagh for me.

And faith, at an Irish election,
An argument striking it's there,
For with brickbats and sprigs of the Shannon,
We see things all go right and square.
It's then there's no bribery at all, sir,
They vote as they like every soul.
But it's no use opposing shillelagh,
Or it's sure to come down on the poll.

'Twas a beautiful twig in the summer,
When I first cut it off from the tree,
And I've kept it through all the cold winter,
Faix! the twig of shillelagh for me.

Old England is the queen of the ocean,
The home where the slave can be free,
And the gem that she wears on her bosom,
It's the Emerald Isle of the sea.
An' *if folks* don't believe in shillelagh,
And think it all blarney I've wrote,
Let them tread on the tail of the Lion,
Or the tail of an Irishman's coat.
Sure it's then that they'll find that shillelagh,
Is Liberty's beautiful tree,
That in summer and winter will blossom,
While the hands that protect it are free.

Mary's Policeman.

Written and Sung by MR. RIGHTON, *in his popular entertainment,*

"OUR STREET."

Music published by L'Enfant and Co., Rathbone Place, Oxford Street.

Kind friends, pay attention, and my voes I will relate,
And although it may seem rather queer, it's all true vot I state.
I'm a man of edication, likevise you vill see that
I'm not a common sort of chap, but a reg'lar harristocrat;
And a fortin' I'd a-made, as I'm a knowing blade,
And up to many rummy tricks, tho' I never learnt a trade;
But vene'er good luck I see, it's allus drew avay from me,
'Cos a P'liceman vith big viskers takes a sly glance at me.

Now, vy I fears that P'liceman's glance wery quickly vill be seen;
I vonce put on some soldier's clothes and passed for a horse-marine;
I made strong love to a servant gal, ven she fetched her master's beer,
Though I know'd she'd got a P'liceman for her true lovier.
At the area gate one night, ven ve thought it vos all right,
She brought me out a cold meat pie, but started vith affright,
The cause of her alarm I turned round to see,
Ven Mary's P'liceman vith big viskers took a sly glance at me.

Next I thought to make some cash by pretendin' to be blind,
I had a dog tied to a string, vich I slowly valk'd behind,
"I'm blind," vos wrote upon a card, my dog he had a tin,
Vich he carried in his mouth for folks to put the money in.
Vith closed eyes I vent my round, ven I thought I heard a sound
Like a shilling dropped into the tin of my poor faithful hound.
I slowly open'd my right eye, a shilling thought to see,
But instead of a bright shilling, Mary's Bobby glanc'd at me.

Then I put on sailor's clothes, tied my arm up in a sling,
And fastened on a vooden leg, vich looked like the real thing,
I talk'd about my vounds and scars, and sung about the sea,
'Cos English folks for poor sailors have always sympathy.
A lady came along who listened to my song,
Vich made her cry, 'cos my voice, if not sweet, is strong,
She then offered me some money, vich I'd nearly got, ven he—
Mary's P'liceman vith big viskers—took a sly glance at me.

Then the starving father dodge, vith an infant, I did try,
I paid sixpence for a baby, vich I pinch'd to make it cry;
This dodge don't pass so vell just now—the only reason is
That babies used to be so cheap, but babies now is riz.
But an old gent vith the gout I saw pull his purse out,
And I should ha' got a summat wery handsome I've no doubt,
But I dropp'd the baby in the mud, as a voice exclaim'd to me,
"Move on!" and Mary's P'liceman took a sly glance at me.

Vonce I'd valk'd so wery fur my legs I could not keep,
So I sat down on a door-step and I quickly fell asleep,
And in my sleep I had some dreams of—oh! such pleasant things;
I thought I vos the friend of princes, emperors, and kings.
I vos at the court of France, far avay from that sly glance,
A-valtzing vith the Empress—who had just ask'd me to dance;
I squeezed her hand, she squeezed mine, that squeeze it vake me up,
And the P'liceman—not the Empress—took a sly glance at me.

Now, P'licemen is a useful lot, does some good, I dessay,
At least, ven they're not vanted, they're always in the vay;
I've heard it said as in olden times they used to torture, bake, and barn,
But vot torture's like that P'liceman's sly glance I've yet to learn,
Go vere, do vot I vill, that sly glance is on me still;
I vish I vos a M.P., I vould then bring in this bill—
If a P'liceman saw an honest man asleep by robbery,
That P'liceman should be hung for only one sly glance at he.

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